September 1956

Fellowship

WALK TO FREEDOM *Tallahassee, Fla.*

30¢

A Bridge of Good Will

by André Trocmé

contents

- **The World in Focus** 1
- **A Bridge of Good Will**—André Trocmé 4
  Maintaining communication between hate-ridden antagonists in Algeria offers a challenge to pacifist courage and an opportunity for Christian witness.
- **A Footnote by Magda Trocmé** 7
  Woman's work is never done—particularly for a pacifist minister's wife living among the Arabs.
- **The Nature of Government**—Ralph Borsodi 10
  An unblinking view of the problem of government and misgovernment in our times.
- **The Soldier at the Door**—Edith Pargeter 12
  Her son had been killed in battle. Who was to blame? The priest tried to answer her and found that the question became his, too. A story, abridged from a current British novel.
- **News** 22
- **In the Churches** 28
- **Books** 29
- **Letters** 34

COVER PHOTO—The picture of a Negro girl in Tallahassee, Florida, carrying on that city's boycott of Jim Crow buses ties in with the debut this month of Fellowship's new film: **Walk to Freedom.**

FELLOWSHIP

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JOHN. M. SWOMLEY, JR. Secretary — A. J. MUSTE Secretary-Emeritus — GLENN E. SMILEY Field Secretary

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The WORLD in FOCUS

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Success

How did things go out your way with the big H-bomb test July 20? Around New York everything was just dandy. Five one-megaton bombs[1] (simulated) came down just where the Civil Defense people figured they would, killing 4,372,939 people,[2] injuring 1,698,293 others, and leaving 1,524,010 undamaged except for some understandable bewilderment about which subway lines were still running. (You may wonder how such precise figures happened to be available the very next day. The explanation—you'll hate yourself for not thinking of it—is that CD workers, all of whom were conveniently spared by the holocaust, went right out after the raid and counted the bodies.)

Since the warning came at 11:04 A.M. and the bombers didn't arrive till 1:45 P.M., 2,500,000 were assumed to have escaped from the city in time, though there is some unofficial suspicion that a number of them headed for Brooklyn instead of upstate and ran right *into* one of the bombs. Our own (simulated) observers, stationed unobtrusively at all the outgoing bridges, tunnels and roads, said that the actual number escaping totaled only 14,276. After that the wrecks piled up by panicky drivers had sealed the city tight as a bottle.

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1 For those who haven't been keeping up with things, a one-megaton bomb is the equivalent of one million tons of TNT. As H-bombs go, this is somewhat undersized, with 10-megaton bombs having been tested and 40-megaton monsters announced as "possible."

2 One fellow insisted that he counted 4,372,940 bodies.

Follow-Up

We may have missed it, what with spending the whole weekend crouched in a badger hole with our geiger counter, but we didn't see any estimates this year of the time required to clean up the city. (Last year, with only A-bombs, it took most of a week.) For our own satisfaction, therefore, and based on previous CD accomplishments, we worked out this partial table:

Finding, identifying, tagging and burying 4,372,939 bodies . . . 3 days.

Treating, bandaging, and hospitalizing 1,698,293 injured . . . 4½ days.[3]

Clearing away rubble, including Empire State and Chrysler buildings and Rockefeller Center . . . 10 days.[4]

Getting everything else working all right . . . 3 days.

Insurance

One wry comment going around since the test is that the best way to be sure to survive an H-bomb raid is to be a Civil Defense worker. The way they don't get hit is downright miraculous.

Humanitarian

As Manhattan was about to be obliterated, AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss announced that the experts have now found a way of reducing greatly the danger of radioactive fallout from H-bomb explosions. The recent Pacific tests, where this new "control" was demonstrated, explained Admiral Strauss, thus have "produced much of importance not only from a military point of view but from a humanitarian aspect." And *New York Times* Science Editor William L. Laurence commented that now the H-bomb has been "humanized" to the point where it becomes merely a "large concentrated conventional weapon."

This will certainly make everyone breathe easier. In the first place the report, if true, means that there is practically no chance of being wiped out by *our own* bombs. Perhaps even more important, it removes a load from all but the most sensitive consciences, since instead of ten or twenty million, this simple hu-

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[3] This may seem long to you, but you have to remember that all the hospitals were destroyed and had to be rebuilt *first*.

[4] This would have taken *much* longer except that Civil Defense workers had thoughtfully set aside 132,465 (simulated) shovels well in advance of the raid.

manized conventional weapon is likely to kill only two or three million people at a crack! One can understand the feelings of the headline writer who captioned the Laurence article: "H-Bomb Improved by Fall-Out Curb."

Negative

Of course there's always someone to introduce the negative note, and this time, oddly enough, it's the *Times'* other scientific whiz, Waldemar Kaempffert. Mr. Kaempffert, writing in the same issue as his colleague,[5] is frankly skeptical about the Strauss reassurance. Maybe, he says, the effects of an H-bomb can be "localized" under ideal test conditions, but who ever heard of fighting a war under ideal conditions, or under wraps? Besides, the "localizing" would be relative—maybe 3,000 square miles instead of 7,000—and that isn't really local.

Mr. Kaempffert turns for the real dope to the testimony of Lieut. General James M. Gavin, who, says he, "must know all about the attempts to minimize or localize the effect of fallout and of nuclear explosions in general." What Gen. Gavin said was that an H-bomb dropped in Chicago would do some damage in Buffalo, 454 miles away, and that in any crowded area of Europe or Asia the explosion of an H-bomb would cause the death of hundreds of millions, some of them by fallout.

Evacuees

Some of the folks in Boston got an unexpectedly realistic idea of what evacuation might be like during the test. Governor Christian Herter and 150 State House employees were supposed to be evacuated from threatened Boston to Framingham State Teachers College. So that nothing could go wrong, all other traffic was held up until the governor's convoy could go through, a procedure that might not meet with universal approval in the event of a genuine raid.

Anyway, in spite of the precautions, three-quarters of the convoy got "lost," found itself turned around and headed back to Boston, and wound up in the midst of the traffic jam caused by holding up cars to let the convoy go through. Just thought you'd like to know.

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5 July 29, 1956.

A BRIDGE of GOOD WILL

By Andre Trocme

With a footnote by MAGDA TROCMÉ

Two pacifists report on their efforts to achieve reconciliation amid the bitter hatred of Algeria

IN THE KIND OF WAR situation that has developed in Algeria, Christian pacifists have a responsibility to try to keep a "bridge of good will" spanning the gap between the adversaries. Only in the midst of actual conflict can legitimate experience be gained in the practice of reconciliation and nonviolence.

A number of young people had volunteered to work at reconciliation in Algeria during the summer, and I had to prepare for their stay. Although there is urgent need for contact with women, we had found some misunderstanding among our Moslem friends about the possibility of including female volunteers in the group. To help combat these fears and show that valuable work could be done among the women, it was decided that Magda should accompany me.

The situation in Algeria has worsened in the most tragic way since November 1, 1954, when terrorism, which had been spreading over Tunisia and Morocco, first burst out in Algeria as well.

Until this "shamefully well prepared aggression" against farmers, forest rangers and other innocent

tizens occurred, say the French, verything was fine. Moslem nationalists, on the other hand, argue hat the French had been the aggressors long before, using totalirian methods of police repression, nd sending to internment camps very man who dared to disagree ith the French colonial regime. nce more we pacifists must comment on the fallacy of attempts to efine the "aggressor."

Terror Breeds Terror

Retaliation, once admitted, creates desperate resolution on both ides to stop evil by terror, to overome violence by a more cruel iolence. This is what is going on n Algeria.

"Only terror will stop the *fellagha*," say the French.

"Only more spectacular executions will deter the French and orce them to give us independence," say the nationalists.

As a result, there is scarcely a afe place in Algeria today. Everyne is fearful; many people carry weapons. Most of the crimes on both sides are senseless, arising solely out of this fear.

Every morning the French press tells the story of acts of terrorism committed the day before. The victims always are described as French or their Arab supporters. The French have come to see a potential murderer in every Moslem. Meanwhile, of course, the Arab version of the same incidents was exactly the contrary: the victims were always Arabs.

We found it extremely difficult to inquire about what had really happened. Both sides appeared to be very sincere, but in such a state of emotion that our attempt to see things objectively appeared in their eyes as a betrayal of truth and justice, and a "taking sides" with their enemies.

Even if the violence could be stopped, there is very little chance for an early reconciliation between the two ethnological groups, now identified as "the Europeans" and "the Moslems." Indeed, the very fact that the indigenous population (around 8 millions) is referred to as "Moslem," is disquieting in itself, for it indicates that the conflict is developing along the old borderline of medieval religious quarrels. It is sad that this should be so, since as a matter of fact Islam was largely decadent in Algeria until the recent reawakening of nationalism.

In the same way the French living in Algeria, (about 1.2 million) who like other French people have little actual religious interest, speak now of their "Christian superiority," and call for more troops to defend "Christian civilization" against the "barbarians."

Under such circumstances, it will be obvious that Christian pacifists

Bridge

In the last issue of FELLOWSHIP, we brought you a report on some of the political, social and economic aspects of the Franco-Algerian conflict, written by an FOR member with intimate knowledge of the situation.

Since then we have received this report from André Trocmé, European secretary of the International FOR, on his third trip to Algeria, from April 10 to May 22, 1956. The report, with the added comments by Magda Trocmé, who accompanied her husband, seemed to make a perfect supplement to the earlier article, and we take pleasure in bringing it to you.

must not try to convert Moslems to Christianity. In the eyes of North African Moslems, Christianity appears in a context of political and economic domination, and now the destruction of Arab villages and people by war. They see it, moreover, in terms of what seems to them the immoral behavior of women, who dress in shocking ways, and the consumption of alcoholic drinks forbidden by the Prophet. Theologically, they regard it as impure, polytheistic, and trinitarian, as opposed to the pure monotheistic faith.

The Pacifist Role

The Christian pacifist must prove first that he does not wish to obliterate Arab culture. He must begin, therefore, by renouncing proselytism.

Similarly, the pacifist must avoid participation in French government actions. He cannot accept any support from official sources. Moslem nationalists consider these actions as attempts to choke the Arab reawakening.

A Christian pacifist must first prove that his God is the God of love. He can do that only by abstaining from violence and by showing love in his acts. At the same time, he must abstain from taking part in charitable enterprises of a paternalistic character. Too much paternalism on the side of the white race has been one of the main causes of the deterioration of its relations with other races.

The FOR ought to send ambassadors of peace to every conflict spot in the world, preferably representing one or even both nationalities involved. This is what we sought to do in associating ourselves with Mr. Kebaili, who is an Arab.

A few people can serve to represent the cause of pacifism. If there is nobody there, the Algerians are confirmed in the belief that the whole Christian church approves the violence under which they suffer, and that what characterizes Christianity more than any other religion, is hypocrisy. The Christian principles of love are well known by Moslems and their non-application is a cause of scandal in their eyes. Pacifists by their presence must put an end to that scandal.

Yet while stretching out a friendly hand to the adversaries of our nation, we must not forget to keep the other hand in contact with the members of the Christian churches and with the people of our own nation. Our purpose should not be to break away from the Church but to reawaken its conscience.

Our contacts with French Christians living in Algeria have been encouraging. We have been their guests, and have helped some of them to grow in a spirit of truth and nonviolence—not an easy thing when one's life is in daily danger!

Our approach to the Algerians had to be simple and flexible. We have had to remember that the person we talk with, though he might be illiterate, is our equal, as central as ourselves in God's creation. We have to know him, to spend time with him, to accept his invitation, to invite him back as we usually do very important persons, to listen to what he says. This is the basic attitude of a Christian pacifist.

We kept our living quarters simple, so as not to frighten away our Arab guests. The house was almost a slum, but we tried to make it clean. We tried also not to become impatient if our Moslem

friends did not keep their appointments. Illiterates have a very faint notion of the exact time.

Our best friends were a street-sweeper whose family descends from the Prophet, and who was very proud of it; a butcher and a baker, the latter a man I helped out of prison last year; a shopkeeper and a *chechia* (headgear)-maker; a number of unemployed boys, a charwoman, two divorced women and a few adolescent girls, as well as the whole family of a young boy for whom we found work and lodging in France.

The work done by Mr. Kebaili, our Arab friend converted to Christianity, is progressing, in spite of the fact that his friendly cooperation with French people may be misinterpreted by the nationalists and endanger his life. Mr. Kebaili, who at the end of May saw one of his best Moslem friends assassinated by a terrorist while he was talking with him in the street, is struggling in prayer against the temptation to escape to France to save his life. FOR members should support him prayerfully in these days.

In one of the rooms of a Protestant church, fortunately situated in the middle of the Arab section, Mr. Kebaili, with the help of several Christian and Moslem volunteers, has been teaching an evening school through the fall, winter, and spring, to more than 220 young men. He keeps contact with most of them although only some of them have persevered. Another room is now being arranged as a men's club, where everybody in need of friendship will be welcome.

Until March, Mr. Kebaili worked as a volunteer, living on a starvation diet in order to carry on this work. Since March a group of friends have contributed enough to give him 20,000 francs ($55) a month. Thus while submachine guns shoot down new victims almost every day in the surrounding streets, this work of reconciliation is growing month after month, in this church where Moslems, a year ago, would never enter.

A Footnote by Magda Trocme

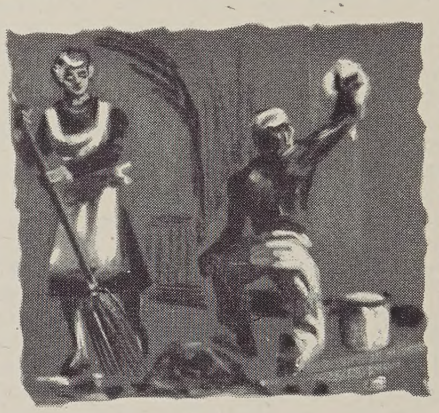
WHEN I decided to accompany André to Algeria in order to organize some work for women, I had first to promise to be "very careful not to make any scandal in the Arab quarters, not to speak lightly, not to drink alcohol, not to smoke, and not to go to cafes!"

My first job was to straighten up the little house lent to us by its owner. Mr. Kebaili and his illiterates had scrubbed the walls, put back the broken window panes and taken away the garbage left by former unlawful French and Arab tenants, but even so, I have never in my life had to fight so much against ants, rats, and bugs! When we left, the house was almost nice-looking, cooking had become possible, and everything was clean.

Both of us have been sick, André with bronchitis brought on by the rain leaking on to his bed. We moved to another room, but we were invaded by thousands of ants. A third room and André recovered, but then I developed a kind of in-

fection caused by some Arab food.

Happily this happened just at the end of the Ramadan, the Moslem fast, and my pupils had vacations for the Ait-Seghir. But if they did not miss their lessons, I missed the nice cakes they had prepared for me! The end of the Ramadan is one of the two big festivities of the year, the other one being the Prophet's birthday.



My second job, and the most important one, has been to make friends with Arab women and to teach them to read. For this purpose, I had to try to be invited into Moslem homes, to overcome the jealousy and often the hostility of husbands, fathers, uncles and brothers, who keep the women locked in their homes and do not want them to become literate.

One of the most interesting groups I had, could never meet. They all lived in the same courtyard but on different floors. We could call to one another easily but could not come together, on the terraced roof or elsewhere. The husbands would not allow their wives to go out "in the street," or to walk the few steps between the two entrances.

Those poor veiled women live in terrible conditions. They are menaced always by divorce. One young man told me, in the presence of his wife, who looked at him with sad, wonderful dark eyes: "A woman is like an apartment. If you do not like it any more, you change it!"

Rabia (her name means "spring"), a young girl who has been to school and had not been veiled as early as the other girls, knew how to read and write, but wanted to learn some English.

One day, when I arrived in the house where she lived (where each room was occupied by a whole family—eleven persons in one of them), I heard an awful screaming and crying! There was Rabia, pale and sobbing. Another woman with a child in her arms was screaming and howling, and all the other women and children were clustered around.

Rabia showed me a paper and said:

"She is jealous because I have been to school and I was not veiled as young as she. She accuses me of worse sins!"

I looked at the paper. It was a certificate of virginity, delivered by a midwife!

Rabia said, with tears in her eyes: "It is the third certificate I have had to produce this year, but it does not help. They do not know how to read!"

They do not know how to read, but they want to learn. I was able to organize three little groups of women who were willing to learn to read, or to sew or to knit, in three different sections of the town.

One of my best groups had to stop its activity. One morning when I arrived with my books and copybooks, all the women gathered

n the yard and on the roof, creamed: *"Les fréres ne veulent pas, les maris ne veulent pas, les pères ne veulent pas!"* Their brothers, husbands and fathers had decided that the lessons should stop, and they had to obey. This has nothing to do with politics. It is the old stubborn custom by which women have to remain in an inferior position.

If it is difficult to come into contact with Moslem women on account of their old customs, it is alas not easy to find French women willing to teach in Arab districts. The French husbands are not jealous, but they are afraid to let their wives go to Arab slums and make friends with Arab families, not only in these days, but even before, when there was no danger of terrorism.

André also created a new evening class of men in our house. A room had been organized for that purpose. A table and two benches have been lent by Mme. Chatoney, the wife of one of the ministers. Eight young men have started to learn to read.

This new evening class is located in a section of the big town very distant from Mr. Kebaili's class. A Christian civil engineer continued the lessons once a week, until the volunteers arrived.

What will come out of all this? Who knows?

André's five pupils of 1955 have been the beginning of Mr. Kebaili's evening school.

The school has been the beginning of the club.

The work among men has given us the idea of starting women's groups, and now people can read and even write and a better understanding has proved to be possible in the middle of the general hatred.

This "better understanding" means also that a few French of Algiers have realized the needs of the Arabs, and are devoting some hours weekly to get in touch with them, not in a paternalistic way, but in sharing with them their knowledge and their love.

This is the best gift that a human being can give to a friend, and we were happpy to be able to do it, even if only for a very short time.

ALGIERS, Algeria, Aug. 4 (Reuters)--French military authorities announced today that they would stop publishing figures on insurgents killed in Algeria because it might shock the French people, who are being told of Government efforts to obtain peace.

—New York Times, Aug. 5, 1956

THE NATURE OF GOVERNMENT

BY RALPH BORSODI

THE CRISIS of our times is manifest in gross misgovernment. Government is plainly failing to do what it should, and is doing what it plainly should not do. Legally, government can do anything; legitimately, it can do only what it morally should do. Our primary problem is to understand the nature of government, and then determine its proper functions, jurisdiction and control.

Stripped to its essence, government aims to resolve the problem which aggression and crime create for us. A true crime is any violent act which is, in intent and effect, destructive of any human being's life, liberty or property. Robbery is a true crime. So is censorship. Government, as society's answer to crime, is the only institution which has the "right" to use coercion. This right is granted it by the people.

Coercion can be used in many ways, for many purposes, in many areas. The manner in which legal coercion is used constitutes the civic problem of living. Whom should coercion benefit—the ruled or the rulers? Over what territory should it be exercised—a local community, a state, a nation, an empire, the world? For what purpose should it be used?—to maintain order, or direct an economy? What principles should validate it?—the propagation of a faith or of eternal, universal principles? Alternative answers to these questions make it essential that basic principles for such alternatives be discovered.

Whatever we may have taught about government, there is one thing hard to deny: government is an enterprise organized by men and conducted by them. Government is not sacred and holy; it is the product of human beings, and as such it is all too human to merit the uncritical adulation which so many of us now bestow upon it.

A second truth about government is that its method—whether democratic or totalitarian—is compulsion. Government rests on force. No matter how sanctioned—by might, by religion, by consent—government is organized, systematized, legalized coercion. The United States is a government; the United Nations is not a government because it is unable to enforce any rules.

Moreover, government is an inescapable condition. About being governed we have no choice. From it we cannot escape—no matter where we may go. Unlike our business, our church or our club, government is an enterprise which we must join and from which we cannot resign.

A fourth truth about government is that it is not the country. Government is not the people. No fallacy is more mischievous than the doctrine that because people have some part in electing officials, they are responsible for any wrong

he government perpetrates; or hat they should pride themselves pon its glories and conquests. Es-ientially government is some people conducting an organization or the coercion of the people enerally, because they cannot be rusted to govern themselves; pre-umably because they cannot be rusted to respect the liberties of thers, to observe the moral law, r to provide for their own wel-are.

History shows us that govern-ment justifies its existence not by he virtues but by the vices of mankind. Government is like the oliceman's club. The highest praise or policemen or governments is to ay that they have prevented their harges from behaving badly.

Great as Abraham Lincoln was, is definition of government, i.e., Government is an organization to do for people what they cannot do for themselves," is wrong. Many groups—cooperatives, corporations, churches, labor unions—are collec-ives which do for individuals what hey cannot do for themselves. But hey are all voluntary groups. Lincoln would have been right had he said, "Government is a coercive organization to do for people what hey cannot *voluntarily* do for hemselves."

A legislature is that branch of government which decides when, and on what groups, to use clubs. The judiciary selects the individ-uals which should be clubbed. The administrative branch, including he police and military, is that branch which uses the clubs—and ncidentally clubs people into pay-ng for the cost of the clubbing.

Thus, the civic problem presents us with some unique moral and ethical problems: "What shall the clubbing be used for? Who shall be clubbed? When and how much shall they be clubbed?" It also presents a unique organizational problem: "How can we organize efficiently for clubbing?"

History warrants this concept of government. No group of men ever showed a more realistic approach to the nature of government than the founders of our Republic; no group ever had fewer illusions about its grandeur; no group ever were less victimized by the lie that government and the people were the same. Thomas Paine said it simply and forcefully:

> 'Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness. Society promotes our happiness positively by uniting our affections; government negatively, by restrain-ing our vices. Society in every state is a blessing; but government, even in its best states, is a necessary evil; in its worst state, an intoler-able one. For when we suffer, or are exposed to the same miseries by a government, which we might ex-pect in a country without a govern-ment, our calamity is heightened by reflecting that we furnish the means by which we suffer."

If the misuse of government, and the inhumanities into which this misuse has plunged mankind, are ever to end, could anything be more essential than to strip government of the majesty, reverence and awe with which mankind has been per-suaded to invest it?

The Nature of Government is a condensation of the introduction to **The New Asia**, by Ralph Borsodi, soon to be published. One purpose of this book is to encourage coun-tries of Asia, as they throw off the yoke of Western imperialism, not to fall into the Western error of na-tionalism and centralized government.

The SOLDIER at the DOOR

by Edith Pargeter

The Priest

THE REVEREND CHARLES FAULKNER, Rector of Saint Michael's, Caldington, was in his late sixties, which for a man of his profession and habits is hardly even late middle age. Mrs. Parrish, catching her first glimpse of him over his wife's shoulder, from the doorway of his study, was astonished and stimulated to see a body and face so vigorously and unmistakably male, and movements of such positive grace. He had come to the main living of the town only eighteen months ago, from an obscure but wealthy parish in the southeast of Midshire, and though she must have seen him occasionally in the street, or in mediocre photographs in the weekly paper, she had never been so close to him as this before.

Knowing his name and background, she had had in her mind some vague preconceived notion of a blend of small county aristocrat and conventional cleric, and had expected a cassock, and a sad gravity, and all the forms at their most rigid. The man who rose from behind the desk to come towards her had on a grey lounge suit of classic cut, and in his buttonhole a sulphur-colored carnation tipped with red. He looked, perhaps, sixty. He had a thin, high-nosed face, deep-eyed and vehement, but a little worn; such a face as some musicians have at the end of their lives, after the flood of their passion and experience has reached its plain.

His wife said, in the slightly portentous voice with which she approached his more intimate duties: "Charles, this is Mrs. Parrish. You remember, I told you she asked to come and talk to you about her son."

"Of course!" He offered her a lean hand, and gripped her with fingers as hard and well-exercised as her own. "Come in and sit down Mrs. Parrish."

She took the chair he set for her and settled her handbag into her lap under clasped hands, watchin

Abridged from the novel, *The Soldier at the Door*, by Edith Pargeter, published in Great Britain by William Heinemann Ltd., London. Used by permission.

the Rector's wife withdraw from the room and close the door with careful silence behind her. . . .

The man had resumed his chair behind the desk, as soon as his visitor was seated, and closed and pushed away the book which had lain open in front of him. He sat gazing thoughtfully at her over his linked hands, waiting for her to open to him whatever it was she had to say. He did not rush into words himself, nor seem in any haste for her to break the silence until she was thoroughly ready. And yet he must know, as his wife knew, who she was, and if he had not, therefore, jumped to conclusions about what she had to say to him, and what she wanted from him, then he was by way of being an exceptional sort of parson. She began to think that perhaps she was in luck, that perhaps she had happened on a completely honest man. . . .

"You know about us," she said, stating what was taken for granted. "You must be wondering why I didn't go to our own vicar."

"I was wondering," he said, "that he had not come to you."

"Oh, he did. He came as soon as he knew." Her voice was quite tranquil, even matter-of-fact. "Mr. Stokes has been very good, he tried to do whatever he could for us."

It was clear that there had been nothing for him to do, and that she had suffered his visit and his efforts with forbearance rather than gratitude.

"But this is something else. I needed to talk to somebody for my own satisfaction, and I thought it had better be somebody who didn't know me, and hadn't known Jack. I didn't want any preconceived notions about us to get in the way. You know how it is, you can talk to a stranger straight out, somebody you never saw before, and need never see again unless you both want it that way."

"Yes," he said, looking at her steadily, his eyes only faintly puzzled, and willing to follow her to enlightenment, "I know."

"I go to church," said Mrs. Parrish thoughtfully, looking into her linked hands. "Not every week, but pretty regular. I don't know as I've ever done much thinking about it, it's just the way I was brought up, and I've gone on doing it. I've never wanted to stop, or felt like changing. So when there's something important that I can't altogether get the hang of by myself, it seemed right to me to come to one of you people, and see if you understand it any better than I do. I'm not asking for any miracles, I'm just trying to understand what's going on, for a lot of other people besides me; and if you can shed any light, that's what I need from you."

"The only oracle," said Charles Faulkner, with intent gravity, "is the one you carry within yourself. All the rest of us can be no more than witnesses."

DEATH IN KOREA

A young English boy died in the mud of Korea one day, at the same time that other young boys died in other "strategically important" spots in a sporadically flaming world. But the English boy had a mother at home who wanted to know why—why her boy had died, and who was responsible.

Of this elemental stuff Edith Pargeter has wrought one of the most moving pacifist novels yet written, **The Soldier at the Door,** from which this excerpt is taken. Another will appear in a future issue.

"I know that," said Mrs. Parrish, raising her direct and handsome eyes.

"Whatever evidence I can give, I'll give, if you'll ask your questions." He hesitated, uncertain of what was most needed from him. These were not the simplicities he had expected. He had expressed himself as to his own spirit, unguardedly, because of the surprising subtlety of her composure, and she had taken the point and made her answer with the same aplomb. Now it seemed almost false to put his sympathy into words, and yet all the more essential that so obvious a necessity should not be evaded. "I am deeply sorry that you have lost your son." He did not say that it was God's will, though in less hackneyed words Mr. Stokes had said it. She was glad of the bareness of his expression of sorrow. "That is not what you want from me; it is what I want to say to you. I realize that you are engaged with something very much bigger than any comfort I could offer you."

She sat looking at him steadily for several minutes, considering how to begin, her hands folded upon the black imitation leather handbag.

"It isn't that I'm not grateful for your sympathy, or his. But there's something more important than that. My son was what they call a National Service man. He was just twenty. In a few more months he'd have been home, but it didn't work out that way, so that's over. But he's dead, and that isn't over. We've all got into such a queer way of thinking—no, maybe it's always been like that, and we're just beginning to get out of it—that these things are taken for granted. There's nothing special about our Jack's case to pick it out from thousands of others, nobody knows that better than me. But that doesn't make this case nor any of the others right. Jack never wanted to be a soldier. He didn't want to be put in a spot where he might have to kill somebody else or be killed himself. He never did anything to ask for that, nor to deserve it. He only went because he had to, because they're all taken by law, whether they like it or not. He never had any choice in the matter. And he's dead. Somebody did that to him, Mr. Faulkner. Somebody's done this to his dad and me. Don't think I'm forgetting all the others in the same boat with us. Jack's just one boy to stand for the lot."

He said gravely, seeking to understand before he searched his own heart, but already filled with an inexplicable uneasiness: "You are bringing a charge against someone—something or someone—for the deaths of all of them."

"I don't know yet what I'm doing. I'm only thinking, and asking. That's how it seemed to me. Somebody sent them where they didn't want to go, for a purpose they didn't want to serve, and they were killed. Is that murder? I don't know what else to call it. And over and above that, there's the making them kill other people. They never wanted that, either. What would you call that? Corrupting minors? Or offending these little ones? It's much the same thing, isn't it?"

Her voice was quiet, painstaking and slow, feeling its way through the meshes of prophecy. He had looked at her narrowly, during these last sentences, to watch for the gleam of intent self-consciousness, but she was not even thinking of herself except as a mine from

vhich this arduous ore came up nto the light. . . .

"You are not satisfied," he said, vatching her intensely, "with the irect fact that where there is a var, there is an enemy?"

"Well, for instance—who would ou say killed Uriah?" she asked, he focus of her eyes coming back uite mildly to his face.

"Yes———David." There was no ther answer, how could he even nsult her by looking for one? And vhen it was said he was himself eld by it, in a growing agitation. Ie got up from the desk, and be- an to walk back and forth across he bright sunlit space of the win- ow, but the issue would not be vaded, it marched before him still, onfusing his eyes. If only she had ome to him in the crisis of her rief he would not have been short f words.

"So you are seeing the deaths of hese young men—this appalling vaste, as no one could disagree vith you it is—as the result of a onspiracy of some creatures un- nown, against humanity?"

She repeated patiently: "Some- ne did it to them."

"There is guilt. How can any of s deny it? We all share in it. There s guilt! And yet it is ot so simple and clear thing as it may seem. Our lives are not every- hing. They should not e undervalued, but hey can also be over- alued." He stopped, notting the hard brown ands before him, his awk's profile sharp gainst the window.

Mrs. Parrish said rea- onably, and without ny indignation: "Oh, 'm with you that we can put our own as low as we like —but there's only one value you've got the right to put on anybody else's life, and that's the highest. The same as you can't spend other people's money—not honestly."

He felt the sweat break on his forehead. It was like turning about in a nightmare to evade an undefined enemy, and being confronted every way with the same shape, which on waking could not be recalled or forgotten. She was watching him now more closely, with some wonder and concern, but without any judgment. When he was silent for a long time, shutting his lean cheeks between his hands, she suddenly opened the black handbag, and took out of it a little bundle of letters tied up with a tape.

"I'd like you to read his last few letters from there. It's the only way you can get any evidence out of him now, and it's only fair you should know everything I can tell you about it. They won't take you long—he wasn't much of a writer, nor much of a talker, neither."

He sat down at the desk with them, and in the act of untying the tape suddenly looked up at her again. "You haven't a photograph of him? I saw the picture in the paper, of course, but it gave very little idea of what he was like. I should like to know how he looked."

She gave him, without a word, a passport-sized print of the photograph she had, framed, in the kitchen at home; uneasy, obscurely disquieted by his uniform as by broad arrows, the boy looked up at him

wide-eyed and defensive, fending off the future with that distrustful stare. His hand shook as he held the card, and he set it down on the desk before him, and let it lie there all the time he was unfolding and reading, one by one, the last letters of Jack Parrish. . . .

On the end of the desk there was a broken wooden crucifix about a foot high, worn almost shapeless with age, and riddled with worm, the half-obliterated features of its Christ still markedly sorrowful even in their decay. On one of the bookshelves there was a little terra-cotta Madonna and Child, human and jolly and sparkling with an unexpected vivacity, Renaissance just trembling into Baroque. Mrs. Parrish had never heard of either, but she was capable of weighing the qualities of both when she saw them. It seemed to her that when this energetic baby became a man it was possible to believe that blood would flow out of his wounds, and that he would feel, and cry.

The Rector read the letters to the end, with a courteous concentration for which she was grateful, his deep brows drawn low over the hollow settings of his eyes, his hands turning the pages with measured, austere movements. Then he put them all together again, and looked at her over the meagre little packet he held between his palms.

"Not everything which is well meant is done well. How can I pretend to understand, or to be able to justify, things about which my own mind has often been divided? I am not sure that we are wise to look beyond our own personal losses. There is nothing final about death. It means only an ending to this world's part in us, and our part in this world. Oughtn't that to be enough for us? The dead are gone from this world, but that's all. We are right to feel our loss, but dare we feel theirs? Isn't it better to acquiesce, to acknowledge that they are gone, and cannot be recovered here?"

"I'm not trying to recover him," said Mrs. Parrish simply. "All I want is justice. There's something due to all the others who're going the same road. I want to know where I must go to get at the people who did it to him. Somebody must be answerable. I know all about the law of the land, but there's another sort of justice above that."

He said very gravely: "I understand. You have given the Church the first opportunity of clearing itself."

She looked back at him blankly for no such thought had been in her mind in coming to him, and it seemed to her curiously irrelevant now that he had suggested it.

"I thought in a matter of right and wrong—real right and wrong not just legal—you might be the one who could help me to get through to the truth. That's all. I'm in no hurry. I'm not accusing anybody. I only want to know."

For whom, then, had he spoken with that new and solemn eagerness, if not for her? Was it possible he was about to deploy a reasoned defence in order to convince himself? Before the Church was accused, to deliver the Church? He recognized the most damning of all indictments, and recoiled from all that he had meant to say. She was looking at him with dark, level questioning eyes, terrifyingly shrewd, like the eyes of the saints. She was wondering about him, wondering if he was the man she

(CONTINUED ON P. 20)

FELLOWSHIP
FILM FESTIVAL

We want everybody to know about the six exciting motion-picture films that are available now to put across the pacifist message. Few techniques are more effective than a good film—followed, of course, by a good discussion led by a leader who has prepared himself in advance.

Here's what the Fellowship Film Festival will be:

New Films—Two brand-new films: "Walk to Freedom," entirely produced by the FOR; and a surprise: a CBS-produced half-hour film of a television debate featuring two pacifists, a Congressman, and a war veteran. (See following pages).

Standard Films—Three quarter-hour films featuring three outstanding pacifist personalities, and one feature-length import of classic quality. (See following pages also.)

Special Rates—A film is no good unless it's shown. Consequently, although previous rental rates were based on actual production costs, we are reducing some of them drastically. Take advantage of them while the prints last.

BOOK A SERIES—Book any four of the six films (and pay in full at time of reservation) and deduct 20 percent more from the already reduced rental rates. (You can schedule the films for the dates you prefer, when they are available. For instance, one every week for four weeks, or one a month for four months.)

Two Footnotes: (a) Careless or inexperienced users of our films have made it necessary to spend several hundred dollars in repairs to prints this summer. Please do not use Fellowship films with inexpert operators or imperfect equipment. (b) To continue to produce and import films, the FOR must make income match expense. If you **can** pay more, by taking an offering, for instance, please do!

WALK TO FREEDOM

This brand-new, FOR-produced documentary will be an exciting experience for you. In seventeen minutes of vivid sights and sounds, with narration by top television and motion-picture personality William Marshall, it takes you to Montgomery, Alabama; Tallahassee, Florida; and to South Africa, Kenya, India and elsewhere. You see the empty buses and the walking feet; you hear the inspiring words of Martin Luther King; you watch what happens when man's deep longing for freedom finds expression in violence, and when it reaches out in nonviolence.

No other film available will have the impact on your friends and neighbors of **Walk to Freedom.**

Available now: Rental (single showing): $5; full week—$15.
Purchase: $100.

(**Walk to Freedom** cost far less than a comparable commercially produced film, but far more than these prices will pay for. If you can take an offering at showings of this film, to help with the FOR's work in the South—of which this is part—it will help to make more films of this calibre possible.)

THREE FINE QUARTER-HOUR FILMS

These three films, presenting the pacifist position through three outstanding personalities, are no less effective now than when first produced. Excellent for stimulating live discussion.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS. Noted German FOR member Martin Niemoeller discusses the reality of present world problems, and offers a solution.

Festival special one-time rental: $3.50. Buy a print for $60.

THE WAY OF NONVIOLENCE. Out of his own rich experience in tension situations, André Trocmé tells three stories and makes a plea for a "new way" of dealing with conflict.

Festival one-time rental: $3.50 Purchase: $55.

NOT BY MIGHT. The American FOR's beloved A. J. Muste, in FOR's pioneer film, tells how a child-centered foreign policy could bring peace.

Festival one-time rental: $2.50 Purchase: $45.

(Rental prices are plus return postage. Air mail or other extra-cost shipping requested will be billed. Purchase prices hold only while present supply of prints lasts.)

TV DEBATE FILM

On Saturday, July 14, 1956, the Columbia Broadcasting System presented through its New York television outlet a debate between two pacifists, a Congressman, and the New York State Commander of the Catholic War Veterans. While the subject of the debate was the question of whether Soviet Premier Bulganin and Party Leader Khrushchev should be invited to the United States, the actual discussion developed into a strong pacifist criticism of conventional American approaches to communism and war.

Through the courtesy of CBS, we have acquired several prints of this provocative half-hour telecast, and make them available for rental or purchase.

The participants: Alfred Hassler, editor of Fellowship.
Robert Gilmore, American Friends Service Committee.
Dr. James F. Slevin, Catholic War Veterans.
Rep. Steven Derounian, of New York.

Festival one-time rental: $5; $15 per week.

CHILDREN OF THE A-BOMB

The Fellowship's famous Japanese feature import. Ninety-three minutes long. A deeply moving film that tells the story of a young teacher who returns, three years after the A-bomb, to the scenes of her childhood in Hiroshima.

Wrote one viewer: "After five minutes I forgot that they were Japanese. The picture is a tremendous experience in the oneness of the whole human family."

Festival one-time rental: $25; one full week, $100.

For all films and reservations, write:

FELLOWSHIP Films for Peace

21 AUDUBON AVENUE, NEW YORK 32, N. Y.

had hoped for. He saw the burning brightness of doubt, as sharp and cold as a sword, fixed in the center of her regard, but she waited, and did not prejudge him. It was as she had said, she was in no hurry; she only wanted and waited to know, to be sure of her own observations and the deliberation of her own heart. There was plenty of time for judgment, and eternity for damnation.

He was confused by his own sudden loss of words, the precipitate recoil from all he had meant to say to her; and grasping at almost any speech to fill the void, he made what he knew instantly was a fatal mistake.

"You are looking for human scapegoats. But is that fair in such a case as this? You know yourself that there may be greater considerations than the lives and needs of individual human beings. What a man dare not claim from us, what he has no right to claim, perhaps a nation may———" He had stopped, even before the quick, astonished flare of her eyes stopped him; the word in his mouth had appalled him, he did not need the flash of her derision to show him how unworthy it was.

"As far as I'm concerned," she said, her voice lighter than before, and colder, as if the whole situation had somehow lost weight by the measure of his revealed lightness, "there are no nations—only people. If a thing's wrong, none of the talk about nations will make it right. Nations are people."

She got up, and held out her hand for the packet of letters. She was going to leave him now, and he could not bear that she should, for he had done no justice either to himself or her. Justice was her passion, she would not wish to deny it even to him. He rose also, but kept his hold upon the letters, to keep in spite of his own stupidity his tenuous hold on her.

"I didn't express myself well. The word was badly chosen. But instead of a nation, let us say rather civilization—or, better, humanity itself with all its truest values. That has taken a great many lives, and it has not always asked permission. It claimed a right. Was that justified? Sacrifice is always single, always poses the same problem of price and value. I have no easy answer to it. But remember that there was a precedent. God Himself so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son———"

His voice was already low, almost a whisper, and because of the still, acute stare with which she faced him the words dried up in his mouth.

"God's the one who must answer for that," said Mrs. Parrish, "not me. At least he gave only his own son, and with his son's consent, or so we're told. My son never consented. His dad and me never gave him. Jack was taken, not given, Mr. Faulkner. Who was it took him? That's all I want to know. That's something you can't put on to God," she said distinctly, opening her thin hand pointedly but gently for her property.

He put the letters into it, caught for an instant into a superstitious awe of her, for she had a terrible authority about her. He felt the bone in the middle of her humility, the steel inside her meekness; she knew nothing about her own resources, she was simply going away from him in disappointment, with a resigned sigh, because he had not provided a single clue to her problem of identification. Or was it rather that he had answered her

very clearly? Did she know the name she was seeking? Was it his name? Churches, like nations, are only people. Was he the man?

"So little of the purpose and the design are revealed to us," he said feverishly. "Don't question too closely. Trust a little, too. We all have to live by faith. Remember, and be charitable, that to most of us, fallible as we are, it does seem that there has been a purpose, a large purpose, behind the spending of these young lives, that the terrible decision to spend them was justified."

She looked back mildly, without any hope of him or any resentment against him, still laboriously, doggedly, singly pursuing her inviolable truth. "Then those who spent him ought to be able to show me what they got for him. If it had been really the salvation of the world, it'd take a bold mother to say a word against it. But was it?"

"It was the preservation of human and Christian values, or so they saw it———"

He stopped again, for she had smiled. The first smile, so slender, and skeptical, and sad that he had almost thought it no more than a reflected shadow from the branches of the laburnum tree outside the window. Her eyelids lowered for a moment, she looked down briefly at the letters in her hand. She said nothing about the discrepancy, but the glance had its own fearful eloquence. He remembered those human and Christian values which had confronted Jack Parrish in Korea, and his voice failed in his throat. What part had Christ had in all this, unless as a victim?

"I'll be getting along now. Thank you for seeing me. I know you have plenty of calls on your time without me bothering you."

She was going, and nothing could keep her. He moved at her elbow, helpless to change anything now.

"I'm afraid I haven't been of any help to you."

"Well, as you said, it isn't as if it was simple."

He opened the door for her, and drew back with a sharp recoil from the sight which confronted him. On a straightbacked chair in the hall sat a very young man, upright, nervous and humble, clutching his cap tightly in his two immature and rather grubby hands, his feet placed neatly side-by-side before him, uneasily aware of their dusty shoes on the pretty blue rug; patiently, apprehensively, meekly, he was waiting for the door to open, for the Rector to be ready to see him. He had come straight from work, calling for his girl on the way, and though he had tried to smarten himself up as much as he could manage in his working clothes, the shaft of sunlight in which he sat found out the soiled weariness in his face, his nervous persistence in an errand which irked him and made him temporarily uncomfortable, but which was of vital importance to him. The girl sat at a little distance, and in shadow; it was not easy at first to see beyond the boy.

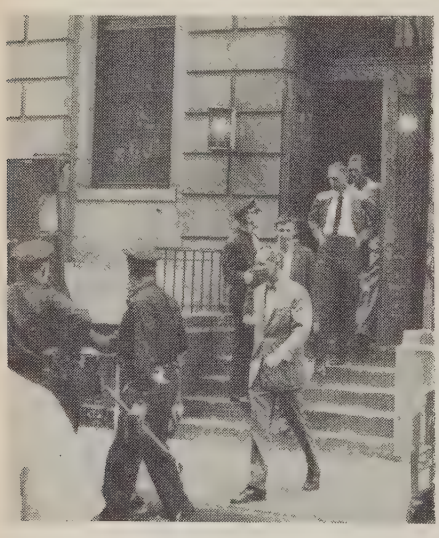
He did not look like a prospective bridegroom. It cost the Rector a conscious and convulsive effort to remember who he was, and why he was there.

"Good afternoon," said Mrs. Parrish, looking back for an instant from the front steps at the shadowy room and the bright, humble boy. She closed her bag with a snap upon Jack's letters, and walked away down the curving drive without turning her head again.

NEWS from the Peace Front

Pacifists Protest Operation Alert

On July 20, sirens throughout America gave the signal for all persons to take shelter in this country's most grandiose Civil Defense drill. Repeatedly excoriated by pacifists as a form of regimentation calculated to lull the public into a dangerously false sense of security, Operation Alert was dramatically opposed by nonviolent resistance groups in a number of "target" areas. In New York, Philadelphia and Boston, FOR members and



others chose to risk arrest rather than submit to the absurdity of the CD drill.

• **New Yorkers Arrested**—In Manhattan, where CD officials later announced that the entire population had theoretically been wiped out, a group of individuals informed police of their intention to remain in Washington Square Park. When the drill was about to begin, four women and fifteen men were on hand, and the police were there waiting. Punctually at 4:10 p.m. the sirens sounded, the police moved in and marched the demonstrators off to the police station (*see cut*). FOR members in the group included Dale Brothington, Robert Gilmore, Tom Rick, Executive Committee member George Willoughby, and Hollis Wyman, Jr. Also arrested were members of the Catholic Worker Movement, the Religious Society of Friends, and the War Resisters League, as well as two unaffiliated pacifists and one nonpacifist who chose to join in the CD protest.

As in 1955, the Catholic Worker people entered guilty pleas. The majority, however, pleaded not guilty at the hearing on July 25. These came under the aegis of the Provisional Defense Committee which was formed last year, and included the five FOR members. Trial was set for October 31 and all participants were released on bail except Stanley Borowsky, a member of the Catholic Worker group, who chose to be jailed.

In Brooklyn, meanwhile, maverick pacifist Richard Kern staged a

he-man demonstration in Carroll ark, where he was arrested and eed on bail.

Despite mock casualties totaling 5 per cent of New York's popula- on—over 4.3 million dead and early 1.7 million injured—Opera- ion Alert was termed "the best xercise I've observed in this area" y the city's CD director, Maj. Gen. obert E. Condon. Pacifists were ot the only ones who wondered hat he meant, but it seemed rea- onable to conclude that fallout

tary Charles Walker, who led the demonstration, reported: "We received excellent publicity on television and radio and in the newspapers. There were some television shots of the demonstration in both early and late evening newscasts, a half-page photo in the *Philadelphia Daily News* and a story in the *New York Times*."

Walker himself later appeared on a radio show, where he explained the purpose and motivation of the project. Other FOR members par-

CHARLES WALKER, *Middle Atlantic Regional Secretary of FOR, leads parade of demonstrators against Operation Alert in Philadelphia's Reyburn Plaza.*

night overtake the remaining two million for a perfect 100 per cent casualty score.

Philadelphians Unmolested—Although the Commissioner of Police had stated publicly that he would arrest them, six FOR members gathered at Reyburn Plaza (*see cut*), carrying signs and distributing copies of the new FOR leaflet, *How to Hide From an H-Bomb*. When the sirens sounded, police politely asked: "Will you please take shelter?" The FOR members replied: "No, thank you, we cannot comply," and continued their vigil.

Middle Atlantic Regional Secretary Walker reports that the group ticipating were: Cynthia Arvio, Barbara Dixon, Jennifer Goetz, Howard Hallman and Don Reeves.

• **Bostonians At State House**—Two weeks before Operation Alert, the Boston FOR's new Peace Education Committee Chairman, Mary Eubanks, launched an intensive letter-writing campaign. Every day until July 20, fifteen FOR members sent letters to Boston's five major daily newspapers. Each letter, individually phrased, voiced the writer's protest against the approaching Civil Defense exercise. At the end of the campaign, the score included five well-written letters in Boston's largest daily, the *Globe*.

On the day of the mock air raid, the New England group took its protest literally to the doors of the government. At 1:30 p.m., July 20, Regional Secretary Robert Gussner and Carl Anthonsen were on the spot at the rear exit of the State House. As Christian Herter, Governor of Massachusetts, and a large entourage of Commonwealth officials hurried into limousines for evacuation to Framingham, the FOR men distributed *How to Hide From an H-Bomb* to newsmen and other onlookers.

One objective yardstick of the success of FOR activities in protesting Operation Alert was the nationwide response to the new pamphlet. A printing of 25,000 copies of *How to Hide* was hardly off the press before a mushrooming backlog of orders for it made a second printing necessary.

Racists Bomb Koinonia Market

On the night of July 23, the roadside produce market of Koinonia Farm was bombed, causing $3000 worth of damage. Koinonia, a Christian interracial co-op founded near Americus, Georgia in 1942 by Dr. Clarence L. Jordan, a Southern Baptist minister, has long been an object of harassment by local white supremacists.

This summer an interracial youth camp was to have been held at the farm, as it had been last summer. The Americus county board of commissioners obtained a court injunction to prevent this, on the ground that Koinonia was a health hazard. The board is seeking a permanent injunction to ban further operation of this unique oasis of brotherhood in the Deep South.

CPM Announces Sermon Contest Winners

The Church Peace Mission has announced winners of its sermon competitions on "The Church, the Christian and War." The contest, announced last fall, was divided into two sections—one (Competition A) for ministers and laymen under 45 who are not enrolled in a theological school and another (Competition B) for students at theological schools and seminaries in the United States and Canada.

Prizes in both categories were identical: 1st—$250 cash; 2nd—$50 worth of books and magazine subscriptions of the winner's choice; 3rd—$20 worth of books and subscriptions; and honorable mention—a current book from a selection to be offered. Contestants include men of many denominations.

Winners in Competition A were: 1st—Rev. J. Frank Whitt of Decatur, Ill.; 2nd—Rev. Paul H. Merkel of Halstead, Kansas; 3rd—Rev. Robert Hamill of Joliet, Ill. Honorable mentions went to the Revs. Vernon Bigler of W. Lafayette, Ind.; Russell R. Bletzer of Needham, Mass.; Peter J. Dyck of Moundridge, Kansas; George L. Kendall of Rosalia, Wash.; Wesley Dennis Osborne of Hollis, N.Y.; and Stanley Bannerman Thomson of Pittsfield, Mass; and to Mr. M. Helmer Schmidt of Madison, Wisconsin.

Winners in Competition B were: 1st—Alvin J. Beachy of Assonet, Mass.; 2nd—Glen Kitzenberger of Naperville, Ill.; 3rd—no prize awarded. Honorable mentions went to Palmer W. Collins of Louisville, Ky.; Eldon R. Hay of Kingston, Ont., Canada; and Wayne Zunkel of Chicago, Ill.

Top USSR A-Expert Refused Bomb Research

Dr. Peter L. Kapitsa, Soviet Russia's number-one nuclear physicist, recently reinstated as director of the Institute for Physical Problems, refused to work on the development of atomic weapons following the A-bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945, it was revealed recently. Scientists who visited the USSR in recent months reported that, as a result of his refusal, Dr. Kapitsa was kept under "house arrest" for seven years, on the orders of dictator Josef Stalin. He was released after Stalin's death.

American scientists reported Kapitsa as saying that as a scientist, he had to be the judge of the direction his research should follow.

Prison Brutality Bared In Amish COs' Ordeal

What was first reported as a "hunger strike" by five Amish COs at Mill Point (W. Va.) Prison Camp has been revealed as an act of prison brutality. According to *The Reporter for Conscience' Sake,* someone in authority at the prison camp, for no stated reason, ordered the Amish men to wear regulation khaki prison clothes. The Amish are forbidden by the rules of their religion to wear any but their traditional black garb, and refused to comply with the order.

The following morning, their clothes were removed from their lockers. Faced with the alternatives of going out to the dining hall unclad or in forbidden garments, the Amish men were compelled by their scruples to remain in the barracks. This they did for a week, subsisting only on leftovers brought back to them by their non-Amish fellow prisoners. Then, for three more weeks, the authorities sent one meal a day in to the barracks. Finally, the prison authorities relented and allowed the prisoners to dye and otherwise alter suits of prison khaki to conform with the dictates of their sect.

The Bureau of Prisons regrets the incident as "unfortunate," but to date no explanation has been provided and no disciplinary action has resulted from this clear instance of religious persecution.

West German Draft Voted Over Wide Opposition

In West Germany, on July 6, the Bundestag voted into law the Adenauer-sponsored conscription bill. The bill, vigorously opposed by Social Democrats in the German parliament as well as by youth groups and the confessional wing of the Evangelical Church (EKID), makes 10 million German men 18 and over subject to compulsory military service.

Speaking for the confessional wing of EKID, FOR member Dr. Martin Niemoeller sharply criticized the recently convened synod of his church for failing to utter an "unmistakable and clear warning" against conscription. "Instead of playing with fire," said Niemoeller, "we must concentrate all our efforts toward preventing new sparks and toward removing all existing sources of danger."

As part of the new draft plan, however, legal provisions have been made for conscientious objectors, reportedly the first time in German history that this has been done. The West German government plans to work out a system of alternate service similar to that of the United States.

FOR Marks Hiroshima Day By Appeals to U.S., USSR

Last month, to mark the eleventh anniversary of the atom-bombing of Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, National Chairman Charles R. Lawrence, Jr., appealed to President Eisenhower and Soviet Premier Bulganin to call a halt to tests of H-bombs and other nuclear weapons.

In a letter to the President, Lawrence called upon the U.S. government to announce that, at the least, "it will abandon tests in the Pacific or anywhere else outside the continental United States."

In a cable to Bulganin, the FOR chairman pointed out that the USSR has been "spared the temptation" to emulate the United States in holding tests outside its borders, since there are "vast uninhabited spaces" inside the USSR. This, however, cannot be regarded as "proof of virtue or evidence of a desire for peace."

The letter to Eisenhower called attention to the appeal of the Japanese Diet (parliament) for a declaration from the major H-bomb countries—Great Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union —pledging themselves to abandon nuclear weapons tests. The letter also underlined the political folly—aside from grave moral and biological consequences—of the Pacific tests. Choice of the Pacific area for testing, said Lawrence, leads millions to believe "that America holds Asian lives very cheap. . . . It causes Communism to seem attractive to these people in contrast to the Christianity which we profess."

Press response to the letter and cable was gratifying. News stories resulting from it appeared in the *New York Times* and elsewhere.

Committee Studies FOR Structure

The whole organizational structure of the FOR may conceivably be up for substantial revision in the coming year as a result of a study currently going on by a special committee appointed by the National Council at its April meeting. The committee is headed by Dr. Forest Ashbrook, executive secretary of the American Baptist Ministers and Missionaries Benefit Board and FOR assistant treasurer. It has had two meetings and has been accumulating data from national and regional offices.

The committee was appointed on the recommendation of the Finance and Budget Committee, which pointed to a slow but steady decline in membership and a steady but not-so-slow increase in expenses as justification for the study. Income in 1955-56 fell $20,000 short of the budgeted amount, and while substantial under-spending kept this from becoming a disaster, the year's operations still showed a net deficit of more than $3,000. The 1956-57 budget is $12,000 higher than that of the previous year, or $32,000 more than the amount actually raised in 1955-56. A substantial legacy received during 1955, and not included in operating income, gives the organization a temporary cushion, the committee reported, but the basic situation has to be corrected.

Similar Study in 1950

The current study is the second such to take place since World War II. In 1950 a "policy committee" headed by former national chairman Arthur Swift recommended a post-war policy for the organization

based on the concept of a decentralized, or "grass-roots" approach. This was adopted by the National Council, and a program launched of increased regional emphasis. A special "regional subsidy fund" was raised, and new regional offices were opened as rapidly as personnel became available. At the same time, although the policy had not advocated reduction of national office staff, budget limitations resulted in terminating some national positions and permitting others to remain unfilled at time of a change of personnel.

At present the FOR has regional offices, including a regional (executive) secretary and an office assistant, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Nashville, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Berkeley, plus a field worker operating out of Cleveland. The programs of regional offices, and the day-to-day operations of secretaries, are largely directed by regional committees.

The national office currently has three full-time executives: the national secretary, publications secretary, and field secretary. The last-named, Glenn Smiley, came to the national office the first of this year but has spent most of his time since on special assignment in the South.

The New Study

The new committee will try to determine whether the 1950 policy needs revision, and if so, in what direction. It is expected to weigh the effectiveness of regional and national work in terms of membership, new contacts, and publication distribution, as well as general work in churches, schools and colleges.

The study is expected to take from six months to a year. Among the possibilities open to it are reduction in the number of regional offices; replacement of regional offices entirely by "traveling secretaries" in special functional fields; or continuation of regional work with closer coordination and supervision of membership and finance operations, and possibly with a system of regional quotas in these fields.

The first report from the committee is expected at the December meeting of the National Council.

Hutterites Vindicated In S.D. Court Ruling

In Redfield, South Dakota, on July 11, a Circuit Court ruling voided a 1955 state law aimed at preventing expansion of Hutterite communities. The Hutterites, a religious sect, have 15 communities in South Dakota, embracing some 1600 members who possess no individual property and lead a communal life. In his decision, Judge Charles Hanson said the issue of religious freedom was not involved, but ruled out the law as "too vague, indefinite and uncertain. . . . "

OMISSIONS

Through an oversight, credit was omitted in the June FELLOWSHIP for two articles which were originally printed elsewhere. We offer our apologies, respectively, to **The Anglican Outlook,** from which **War and the Christian** by George B. Caird was reprinted; and to the British National Peace Council, which originally issued, in pamphlet form, **The Dilemma of the Scientist** by J. Bronowski.

U.S., Church, FOR Leaders Mourn Van Kirk

On July 6, at the age of 64, longtime FOR member Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk died of a heart attack. Dr. Van Kirk, executive director of the Department of International Affairs of the National Council of Churches, was a leading participant in the recent exchanges between U.S. and Russian churchmen. Tributes to his memory were offered to his widow by many persons, including U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, National Council of Churches President Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, and FOR Secretary Emeritus A. J. Muste.

Dr. Van Kirk joined the FOR a year before he left a Methodist pastorate to become administrative head of international affairs in the Federal Council of Churches in 1925. In a letter to Mrs. Van Kirk, A. J. Muste characterized the church leader's death as "a great loss, especially to the Christian churches here and abroad." Secretary of State Dulles described Van Kirk as "a Christian statesman of outstanding brilliance."

British FOR Asks End of H-Bomb Tests

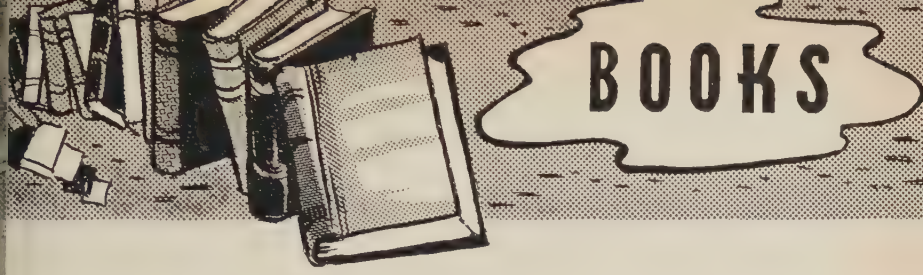
In a strongly worded letter to Prime Minister Anthony Eden, the British FOR has protested that country's intention to proceed with H-bomb tests. Writing on behalf of the organization, General Secretary Clifford H. Macquire stated, in part: "Someone must call a halt to the immorality, not to say the inanity, of preparing for mutual suicide, and do so in terms that the common man the world over can understand. We had hoped that that call to halt might have come from Britain and that our country might gain the moral leadership of the world."

The Macquire letter concluded with an expression of "shame and sorrow at the decision of our Government to enthrone and to worship fear."

East Germans Cut "Army," Sidestep CO Issue

An announcement of a 25 per cent reduction in the size of its National Army by the Communist-controlled East German government was greeted with skepticism last month by Western observers. Since the National Army, reportedly cut from 120,000 to 90,000 men, is only part of the Communist zone's armed force, the reduction, if any, was much smaller. An estimated 120,000 soldiers remain under arms in the so-called *Volkspolizei* ("people's police"), a fully equipped military force bearing scant resemblance to the civil militias of other countries.

East German officials also announced there would be no conscription. However, a recent proposal by Evangelical Bishop Otto Dibelius of Berlin for legislation recognizing conscientious objectors was rejected. Although the number of COs has been rapidly increasing, they continue to have no legal status.



Bad News About Men

The Self and the Dramas of History, by Reinhold Niebuhr. Scribners, 1955. 246 pp. $3.75

It is time someone wrote a comprehensively critical study of the theology of Reinhold Niebuhr. There is something more than a little saddening in the spectacle of a man of great gifts and even greater energy devoting his time and talents to the task of proving in the name of Christianity that Christianity has nothing to offer to the world which an intelligent worldly wisdom cannot give.

Niebuhr's new book contains the mixture as before. It begins with an analysis of selfhood, based on Martin Buber and far better done by himself and others. This occupies a third of the book. The remaining two-thirds contain the usual depressing account of human nature and the frustrations of politics; there is nothing here that he has not said *ad nauseam* elsewhere. All this is decked out in the usual jargon. A random opening of the book reveals phrases like 'dramatic elaborations of these social cohesions' and 'ontological implications of a rigorous empiricism'—these were, literally, on the first two pages of a chance opening. It would do Niebuhr no harm to try addressing women's clubs. They talk to one another if you talk nonsense to them.

There is wide reading behind this book, but much of it seems superficial. Too often Niebuhr gleans from other authors what suits him without really getting to grips with their own thought. A few examples of this unscholarly approach must be given. His account of the British constitutional crisis of 1910-11 is completely garbled (p. 193). He apparently thinks that George V refused to create Conservative peers, whereas he in fact threatened to create Liberal peers. If Niebuhr does not know that the British House of Lords has a more or less permanent Conservative majority, he really does not know much about British history.

On the ancient world it is the same. He states (p. 128) that naturalism never became a serious option between Plato and the triumphs of modern science. Has he never heard of Epicurus? The philosophy of Plato was never a serious option for the ancient world. That of Epicurus was for 500 years. Again he states (p. 179) that in the Middle Ages the 'social contract' theory had not yet been conceived. Has Niebuhr never read Book II of Plato's Republic? The 'social contract' theory dates back to Socrates' teacher, Archelaus.

The facility of his slipshod generalizations shows Niebuhr most at fault. He loves labels, especially for scapegoats. He has four particular labels which signify POISON: NOT TO BE TAKEN. They are

Hellenic, Liberal, Pelagian and Pacifist. He is content with the label; he does not seek to analyze the contents. The most notorious case of this was when, in his Gifford lectures, he dismissed F. R. Tennant in one sentence as 'a modern Pelagian' without even examining Tennant's views. I doubt if Niebuhr has ever studied what Pelagius actually said; he would be surprised to know that Pelagius criticized Augustine for not taking human sin seriously.

He has long ago given up studying what pacifists think and has never answered Dr. Macgregor's "The Relevance of the Impossible." How little he understands pacifism is seen in the Dun-Niebuhr statement, "God Wills Both Justice and Peace," where the pacifist is treated as an irresponsible sentimentalist. In *The Self and the Dramas of History,* the whipping boys are Hellenic and Liberal. Niebuhr's unscholarly approach is seen especially in some rather foolish general statements about the Hellenic mind. He seems to have no idea of the rich variety of approach to be found in Greek thought.

The bankruptcy of Niebuhr's own thought is seen in a chapter entitled "The Resources of the Christian Faith." Almost the whole of this chapter consists of an examination and rejection of approaches to life which Niebuhr regards as deluded, because they are either rationalistic or liberal. Apparently the only contribution which "the Hebraic-Christian component of our culture" has to bring is the news that man is a sinner, and this is found in the Old Testament as much as in the New. There is not one word in this chapter of any distinctively Christian insight, not one word of faith or hope or love (except to reject the last as an h torical possibility). There is good news about God; there is or bad news about men.

This theological bankruptcy evitably affects his political thi ing. His defense of democracy that because man's reason is c rupt it is not possible to trust a one with unchecked power (p. 13 He does not seem to know that t view was first put forward by Hellene, Aristotle. It is an extrem ly perilous foundation for dem racy. It is dismally negative, a doubtfully true. Niebuhr hims is a little uneasy, and suggests el where that there must be a mi mal inclination to justice (p. 12 and quotes Milton as founding support of democracy upon "F Christian conviction that God h given the person a transcende worth and related him to a tra cendent authority which the st must honor" (p. 246). This is more promising basis, though might well ask what happens we bring the governmental syst of England or the United Stat into the light of this judgment.

There are some other curio political judgments. On the wor "Let every soul be subject unto t higher powers" (Rom. 13:1), Ni buhr quotes with approval Joh Knox's view that only rulers w "are not a terror to good wor but to evil" deserve obedience.

The Reviewers

Dr. Robert C. Murphy, Jr., is a psychiatrist and active FOR leader, late of Tacoma, Wash., and now of Scranton, Pa. . . . John Ferguson is a lecturer at the University of London and a leader in the British FOR. His review of **The Self and the Dramas of History** is reprinted from **Reconciliation.**

s simply bad exegesis to read this nto the Pauline passage, which ertainly seems in its context to be n injunction not to revolt against Rome no matter how bad its gov-rnment may be. Christians are ot to resist such evil, but to over-ome it with good.

A very odd judgment sees in Vinston Churchill the most perfect ontemporary embodiment of Bib-ical wisdom (p. 231), and Niebuhr raws the conclusion—though he loes not put it quite so frankly—hat Christianity has nothing dis-inctive to contribute which a pa-gan like Churchill cannot give. It s strange that Niebuhr's bitter awareness of the corruptions of power should go with such an ad-miration for power politicians.

Only twice in this book are there signs of a deeper insight, and it would be ungracious not to end with them. After his usual strict-ures upon love he writes (p. 202): "If love means wanting the wel-are of the neighbor, it can never be irrelevant to any social situa-ion." As a definition it is inade-quate, and even sentimental. In he gospels love is generally a verb, n activity. Wanting is not enough, nd love is concerned with means s well as ends. But it is a begin-ning. Later (p. 243) he writes with ome nobility:

> "The believer is indeed promised the 'peace of God which passeth understanding.' It passes understanding, however, precisely because it is a peace which contains the pains and sorrows of suffering love. For the believer is challenged to become engaged in the sorrows and sufferings of the world. He worships a God whose peace is not the supernatural equanimity of detachment. It the peace of the triumph of the Cross."

Any pacifist might have written hat; it is the measure of Niebuhr's ignorance of pacifism that he does not see that such involvement is the kernel of pacifist thought. We can at least be grateful that he has written the words.

—John Ferguson

The "Loyalty" Snarl

All Honorable Men, by David Karp. Knopf. 1956. 311 pp. $3.95.

The author of the widely discussed *One* has in *All Honorable Men* gone after the battle over "loyalty" investigations, and the dilemma of the democratic liberal, beset from both right and left in his struggle to preserve the essential democratic freedoms. In angry, earthy and sometimes eloquent prose he has told the story of the involvement of Dr. Milo Dexter Burney, outstanding anti-Communist liberal, in a maze of charges and countercharges during the "investigation" of a relatively innocent elderly professor. It is an absorbing novel, dealing honestly with one of the major issues of our times and well worth reading. It may be especially interesting to liberals and pacifists who are still not sure whether they ought not to collaborate with Communists "so long as the goals are the same."

—A. H.

You Be Nice or Mamma Spank!

Love or Perish by Smiley Blanton. Simon & Schuster, 1956. 217 pp. $3.50

The two hundred-odd pages of this book are devoted to telling people that they must learn to love, on pain of death. It does not tell the reader how to do so, although it occasionally hints that this is its burden. "Without love, we lose our will to live. Our mental and physi-

cal vitality is impaired, our resistance is lowered, and we succumb to illnesses that often prove fatal." If we live at all without love it is a dull and essentially lifeless existence. Love is the very substance of life, and no matter how hard-boiled we get in our materialistic age, it is the one and only pursuit of all human beings. Dr. Blanton fortifies his argument with a good deal of clinical material, including reference to the spectacular studies of unloved and withering infants made by Dr. Rene Spitz (and, independently, by a number of other investigators).

The book establishes this one point adequately. This is presumably a useful accomplishment, because a utilitarian society does tend to forget that life is simply a search for love. But I find it otherwise pretty sterile. Not being a "layman" in this area, I cannot be certain that it would have no value to one seeking help. I think, however, that it would not. The book seems to be little more than an almost endless repetition of its essential truth that a man cannot live without love, and that you, the reader, must therefore learn to love. Each new variant is illustrated with some rather wooden, one-dimensional clinical examples. In these, neurotics are presented flatly as neurotics, with no recognition of the fascinating and often beautiful rebels that they actually are. The existing status quo is Dr. Blanton's norm, and treatment is seen pretty much as the process of adjusting the individual to his environment.

I find this concept of therapy an exceedingly unattractive one, since "the environment" is in fact a moribund society. A person who has the grace to ask psychiatric help usually is, in my experience, one of the most creative of seekers. He is one of the few in our spiritually leveled culture who has kept alive the spark of inquiry through all the deadening assaults that we make upon it. He often comes overtly asking to be "adjusted to society" or to "be like other people" simply because he has not yet learned the wisdom of his own unconscious rebellion. But actually to help him do so would often be to exchange a rich and colorful illness for a drab one. Furthermore, it would be dangerous, since the "other people" make up a society which may be too sick to insure its own survival. The neurotic, rather, is someone from whom our desperately sick society has much to learn, and with whom it is a deep and wonderful privilege to work.

So far as I can determine, Dr. Blanton regards neurotics simply as people who should be changed back to "normal." This word refers to the prevailing norm, which he seems to regard as good enough. At one point he assumes without question that our armed preparedness, for all its genocidal implications, is the necessary order of things. At another, he treats as a "normal phase" such childhood behavior as tearing the wings off butterflies or skinning live frogs. For a psychiatrist who writes of "love" to accept so complacently such extremes of human sadism strikes me as unimaginative, to say the least. But there seems to be no particular aspect of our existing environment which this author would change, except for his quite laudable wish that we all as individuals would more boldly acknowledge our primary longings.

Apart from the lack of much inspiration in the book, I believe there is a technical difficulty in Dr.

Blanton's psychology. This is his wholesale acceptance and blind application of Freud's principle of aggression—the death instinct—as an instinctual impulse co-equal with love. Although Dr. Blanton does not say so, this late meta-psychological formulation by Freud has by no means enjoyed universal acceptance among "Freudian" analysts. The reason is that when you regard aggression as equal in primary force to love, then you are always in the position of making moral compromises. If part of the very essence of the human being is his aggressiveness, then he can never strive for perfection. He always has to "accept" this psychiatric equivalent of the devil within himself. According to this theory he is supposed to "fuse" his aggression with love, using it to chop down trees and bite into his food and so forth. Ultimately, however, it seems to me that analysts who get stuck on the death instinct are always the ones who regard wars and a certain irreducible amount of human brutality as permanent and necessary aspects of human nature. Certainly this seems to be the case with Dr. Blanton.

There are, fortunately, still a good many strictly Freudian analysts who accept only the original libido theory. This means simply that man's primary drive is for love, in the sense of integration and union. It seems to me to be the only psychoanalytic viewpoint consistent with man's infinite potential for growth toward perfection. Then he doesn't have to convert his devils into the woodmen that fell his trees; he can leave them behind and go out with bold freedom to seek nothing but love directly from its purest Source.

—Robert C. Murphy, Jr., M.D.

THE

Soldier

AT THE

Door

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For Humane Slaughtering

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Millions of God's creatures are being brutally and inhumanely slaughtered daily —not by commission, but by omission to recognize and discontinue this dark-ages practice.

I quote from "A Report to Members an Contributors of the Illinois Citizens Animal Welfare League," 6224 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 37, January, 1956:

"According to figures presented by the National Humane Society, approximately 90,000,000 hogs, 10,000,000 calves and 90,000,000 lambs are annually killed in this country in a cruel manner. Of the 20,000,000 cattle killed annually, some are rendered unconscious by the first blow of an expert knocker, but others have an eye knocked out or a nose mashed to a pulp while still fully conscious. Of hogs, a U.S. Agriculture inspector of 25 years' experience states that these animals, after being strung up by a chain attached to a hind leg (in itself very painful) have their throats cut, but not infrequently are dropped into vats of scalding water still alive. This same inspector states that in the plant where he is now working, sometimes the hind feet of calves are cut off while they are still alive 'and they come out on the floor by a moving chain, still kicking.' "

Senator Hubert H. Humphrey introduced a humane slaughter bill, S.1636, in the last session. It is now in committee and if it comes out, hearings will be held. Write your support to Senator Humphrey; to your senators; to your congressmen; and to Harold D. Cooley, Chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture.

These are God's creatures, too—the animals—but they cannot speak our language. Who will speak for them?

—IRENE KOCH
Chicago, Ill.

In Defense of Darwin

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Arthur Harvey of Wyandotte, Michigan, who alluded to Darwin's survival-of-the-fittest theory in your April issue, and your readers, as well, will be pleased to learn that Darwin wrote a small book in 1871 in which he firmly denied that he supported this theory and called attention to the fact that it was taken out of context, and in fact was the very opposite of the total content of his mutilated statement.

I have met many people, and I am sure that scientists have a higher respect for the need of cooperation than any other group, even FOR.

—HOWARD J. BOURNE
Portland, Indiana

Embattled Community

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Perhaps many of your readers are already familiar with the Koinonia Farm intentional community in the heart of southern Georgia. Koinonia's witness to brotherhood and pacifism have frequently

rought it into focus as a favorite target f southern tradition. Today, in the midst f tradition gone wild, Clarence Jordan, ne of the founders, has brought down ne full wrath of the White Citizens' ouncil upon their heads by daring to ign a recommendation for Negroes try- ng to enter the University of Georgia.

He has personally been ambushed and ne community has been fired upon re- eatedly. Now economic sanctions have een lined up efficiently and Koinonia is ghting for its very life and the opportu- ity to remain on the spot as a witness or the life of Christ as it reaches out to ll men, colored and white, in love and eace.

It is my understanding that Koinonia s preparing to issue a regular newsletter bout developments as long as the tension ontinues. Perhaps some of your readers night wish to write to be put on the mail- ng list. Certainly all FOR people will vant to support this group of dedicated outhern Christians with their prayers nd their concern. Their address is Route , Americus, Ga.

DOROTHY T. SAMUEL
Coon Rapids, Iowa

Islam and Sacrifice

he Editors,
ELLOWSHIP:

I request your courtesy to correct two nisunderstandings that might have arisen n the minds of your readers from the erusal of "Note From Pakistan" by ohn Swomley, in the issue of February 956.

Firstly, the aim of animal sacrifice, as njoined by our religion, Islam, is for Muslims to demonstrate their willingness o sacrifice not only their material pos- essions, but also their own life, should need for it arise, in the way of God. At his annual festival, flesh of the slaugh- ered animals is freely distributed to hose who themselves cannot afford it be- ause of their lack of means.

Secondly, the suggestion that a "new Prophet" might yet lead Muslims to re- nounce this practice, clearly displays ig- norance of one of the fundamental tenets of Islam, namely, that Muhammad was the last in the line of prophets.

Before I end this letter, may I take this opportunity to express my sincere appreciation of the admirable effort the FOR is making to spread greater under- standing among peoples of different races, nations and religions.

—ABDUL SATTAR
Consulate General of Pakistan
San Francisco, Calif.

Galloping Militarism

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

I thought that FOR members would want to add this item to their collection of galloping militarism.

In the April 27 issue of *U. S. News & World Report,* editor David Lawrence urged that the expected $2-billion budget-surplus should be applied to reduce the $276-billion national debt. Editor Lawrence explained that although $2 billion was scarcely a drop in the bucket, still the *principle* of debt reduction ought to be honored. Why? Because "A Government that doesn't pay off any of its debt begins to look . . . untrustworthy." And why is this bad? Because "This would be a serious detriment to the financing of a third war if it should be thrust on us." (!)

Mr. Lawrence also explained that most of this $276-billion debt is the result of World War II. Maybe it would cost less in the end if in this case our Government would give up even a token appearance of honesty.

HELEN MEARS
New York City

Courage to Stand

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Milton was eternally right when he

wrote, "What can war but endless war still breed?"

Individuals form public opinion. More and more individuals in America and Germany are resisting war and the preparation for war and military service by refusing to join the armed forces or rendering any military service.

Sometimes those who are convinced have not the courage to take a stand and act for fear of the consequences. For instance, I have heard such a weak backer of his own beliefs say: "You wouldn't want to be called a coward for the rest of your life, would you?" For myself I would rather bear the consequences of my refusal to pay taxes earmarked for war or its preparation, or of my refusal to help any war or its preparation, than bear the shame for the rest of my life of having voluntarily helped the war effort.

A 23-year old German says he would rather be stood against the wall for the firing squad than shoot a man, particularly one with whom he has no quarrel. It seems to me that he who refuses to do what he believes right, for fear of being branded a coward has already taken the first step toward becoming a coward himself.

FRANCIS BEHN RIGGS
Cambridge, Mass.

Scientist's Dilemma

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

The great need today is for public appreciation of the dangers of atomic war and the lack of a defense from it, and on this point scientists can speak freely without offending security regulations, if they choose to do it.

I would suggest, therefore, that collective responsibility for scientific policy rests not with the people at large so much as with the people who are qualified to know the results of the policy. These people include a very few persons, some public officials, and a large proportion of scientists.

Traditionally, society looks to its best minds for leadership and guidance, and science is one area where many of the best minds are in evidence. It would be a serious loss if scientists were to take the attitude that theirs is not the *primary* responsibility for educating the public and working to create progressive policies.

ARTHUR HARVEY
Wyandotte, Michigan

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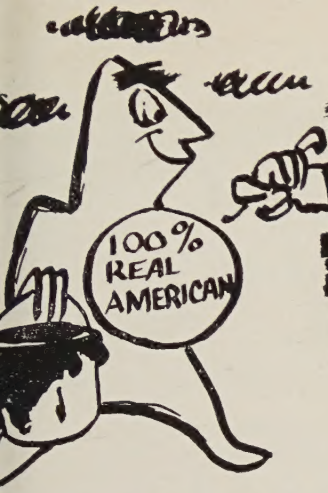

Are pacifists "dupes" of the Communists? Are they "willing tools" of the Soviet Union? Do they represent a "disloyal" section of the American public?

Last spring there was published in California a 190-page booklet entitled *Patriotism or Pacifism, Which?* It constituted the official report of the Senate Investigating Committee on Education of the California legislature, which had been conducting an "investigation" into alleged infiltration of that state's public schools by pacifists.

Patriotism or Pacifism, Which? does not confine itself to its stated subject. Instead, it is a full-scale attack on the pacifist idea, and particularly on the Fellowship of Reconciliation, done in the skillful if unscrupulous manner that similar committees have developed.

How the Committee did the job, and why, will be discussed at length next month, when the entire October issue of FELLOWSHIP will be devoted to one article:

THE ANATOMY OF A SMEAR

Here are some of the subject headings:

"Why Is a Smear?"

"The Quest for the Elusive Headline"

"The Enemy Is the People"

"The Strange Case of A. J. Muste, Milton Mayer and the Communist Manifesto"

"Black Is White—Doublethink Comes to Nonviolence"

Fellowship's print order will be increased for *Anatomy of a Smear,* but to be sure to get the extra copies you will wish to have, send in your reservation today. (All subscribers will receive their regular copy as usual, of course.) Prices are 30c per copy; 4 for $1; $20 per 100.

FELLOWSHIP

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For many people, Christmas has a way of suddenly appearing. It looms up in the second or third week of December. "So soon!" these people say, and they rush out frantically to the local stationery store.

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